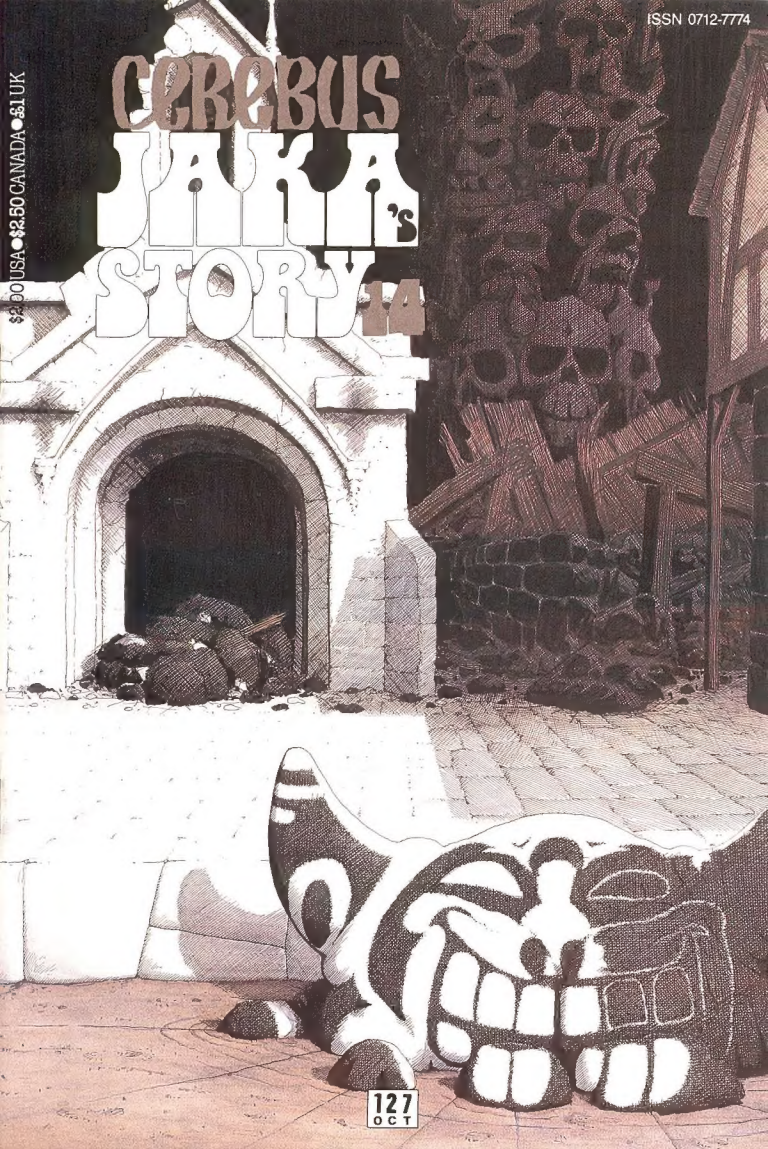
ISSN 0712-7774

CEREBUS

JAKA'S STORY 14

$2.00 USA ● $2.50 CANADA ● £1 UK



127
OCT

NOTE • FROM • THE PRESIDENT

It was one of our trade-offs. Zee got to watch *PeeWee Herman* on Saturday morning without interruption and I got to watch every word of *This Wink With David Breekly* (I'm sorry that's *This Wink with Hinkley - Binkley* – no that's my Dad's – it's *This Week With David Brinkley*.) on Sunday morning. Hadn't watched again 'til last Sunday (Nov. 26).

Cokie Roberts (man! *there's* a woman I would have for a friend and I wouldn't care if I *never* fucked her) pointed out that the Eastern Bloc countries are voting unanimously for the same rights that were envisioned by America's Founding Fathers (Sam Donaldson and George Will have raging hard-ons when she talks like this. So effective is she that Hinkley . . . I mean Binkley . . . I mean Brinkley (*I shouldn't be so hard on a fellow David . . . I saw a tape recently where he has the guts to ask JFK if he really* believes *in the Domino Theory. JFK didn't have the guts to ask McNamara the same question, so that did, indeed, take guts*) is even thoughtfully remembering the last hard-on *he* had); the Right of Free Assembly, the Right of Free Expression, etc. etc; it is at the same time that the United States is eviscerating (two erections and a memory die simultaneously) its own First Amendment by making it illegal to burn the flag.

Mind you, if she'd *let* me, I'd fuck her 'til her eyes changed colour. But if it wasn't on her agenda, I'd be her friend for life.

Cokie Roberts, ladies and gentlemen.

CEREBUS

NO. 127 OCTOBER 1989

DAVE SIM
President

GERHARD
Vice-President

MONIQUE KAPTEIN
Administrative Assistant

JAKA'S STORY
a novel

•

PROLOGUE
(Cerebus 114)

•

POGROM'S PROGRESS
(Cerebus 115 to Cerebus 119)

•

THE POET
(Cerebus 120 to Cerebus 130)

•

MYSTERY ACHIEVEMENT
(Cerebus 131 to Cerebus 136)

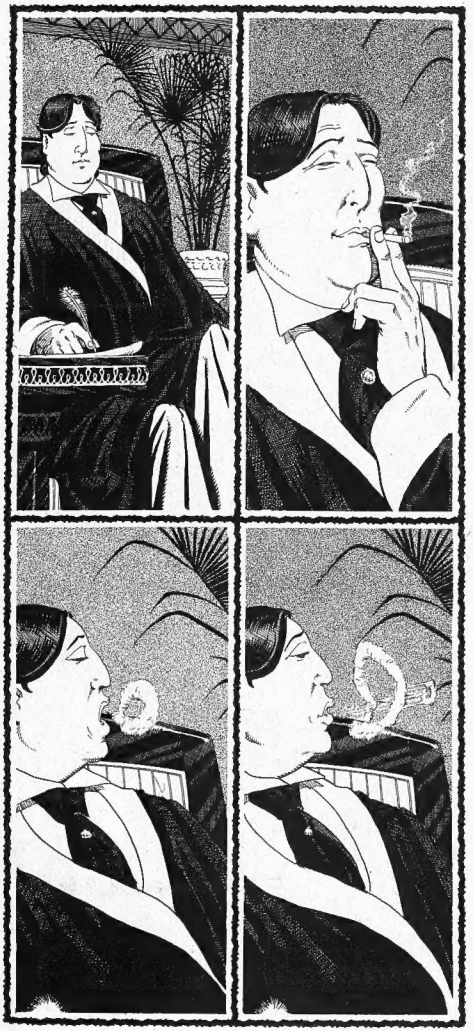
•

CEREBUS IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY AARDVARK-VANAHEIM INC. P.O. BOX 1674 STN. C KITCHENER ONTARIO CANADA N2G 4R2

ALL CONTENTS © 1989 DAVE SIM.

PRINTED IN CANADA BY **PRENEY PRINT & LITHO INC.,** WINDSOR, ONTARIO.

PRINTED IN CANADA



Smithers & Co.
16 Douglas Place
Upper City

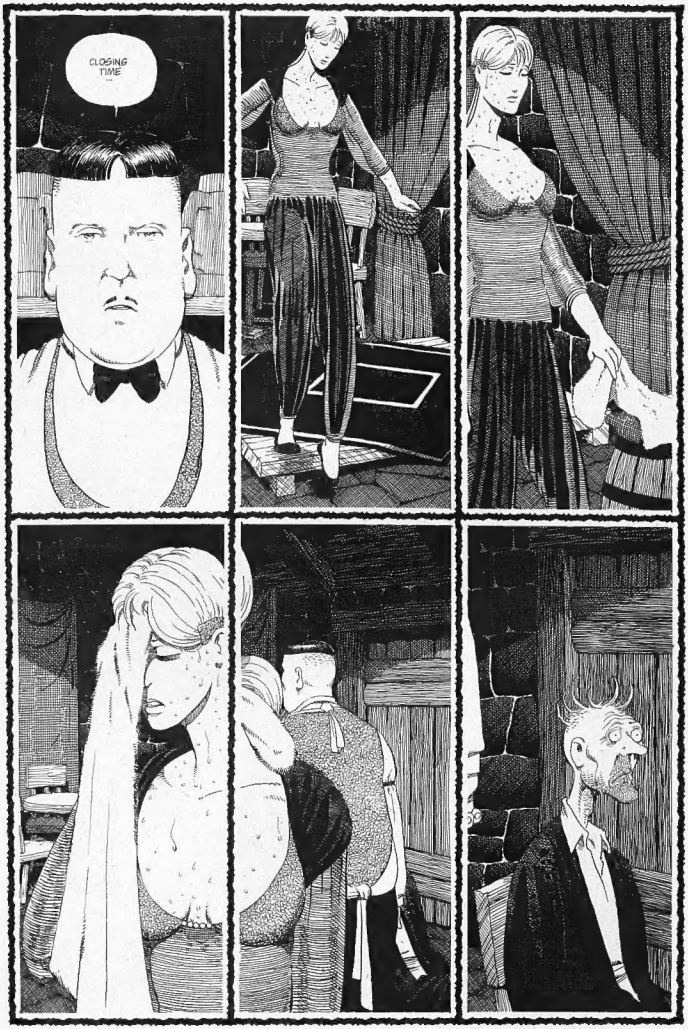
My dear Lane:

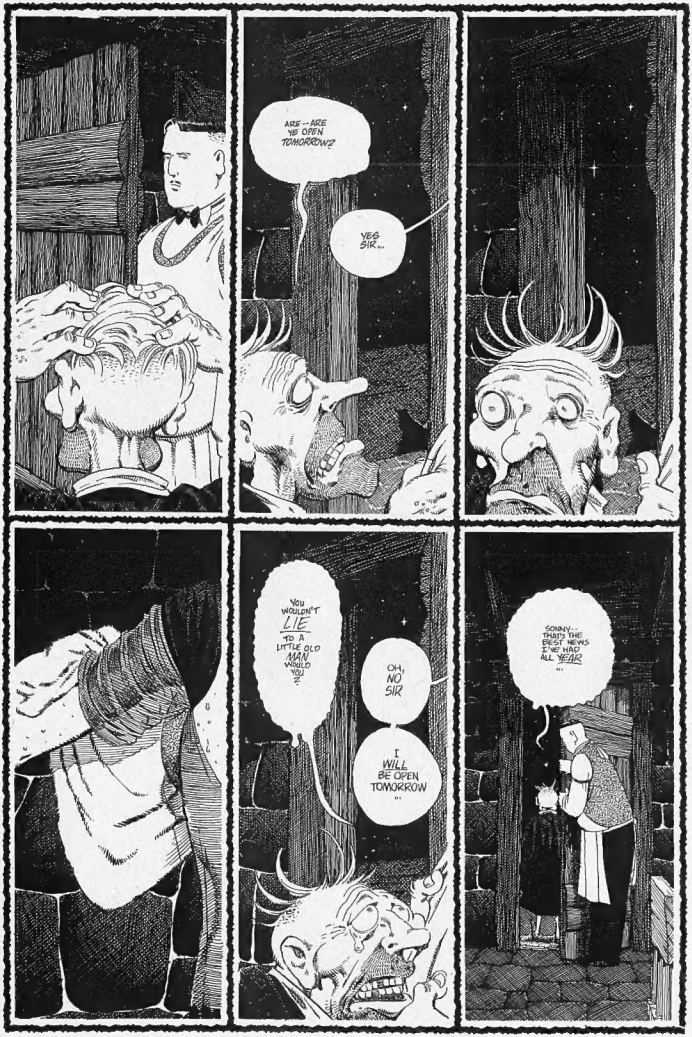
I never doubted for a moment that my public would respond adversely to the delay in the appearance of the current instalment of "Jaka's Story" (not "Daughter of Palnu" as you, quite mistakenly, refer to it). The sooner that you send me the balance owing on the first instalment (eighteen hundred crowns, seventy-six, as per our agreement), the sooner you will be able to address each complainant, apologizing for your unconscionable breach of our agreement, accepting full responsibility for the delay in publication and informing them of the revised publishing schedule.

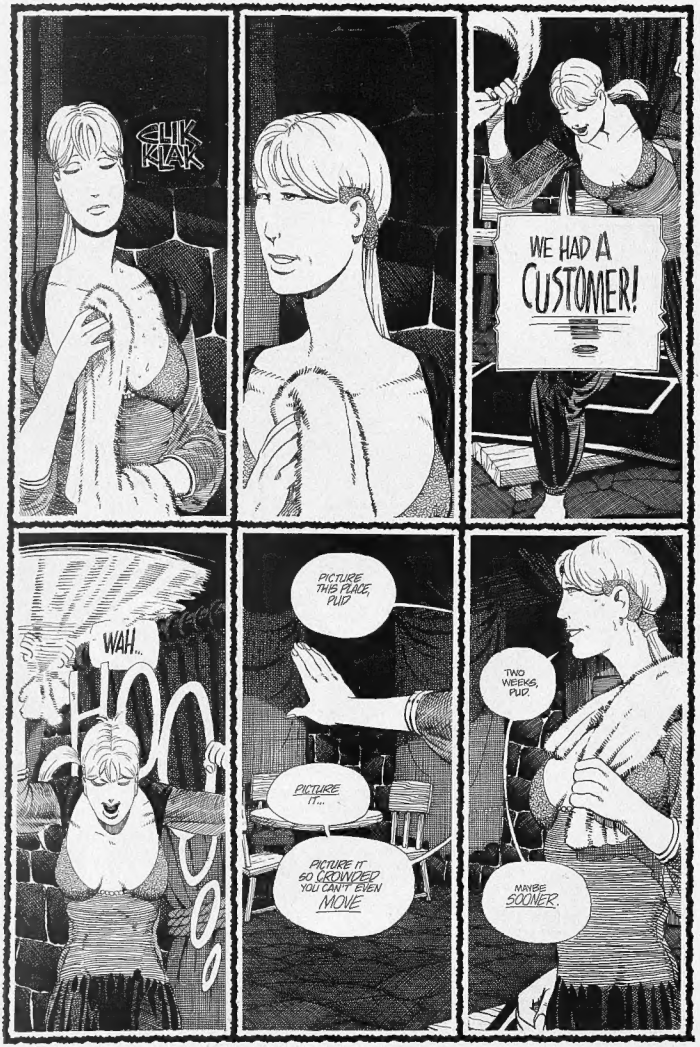
Cordially,

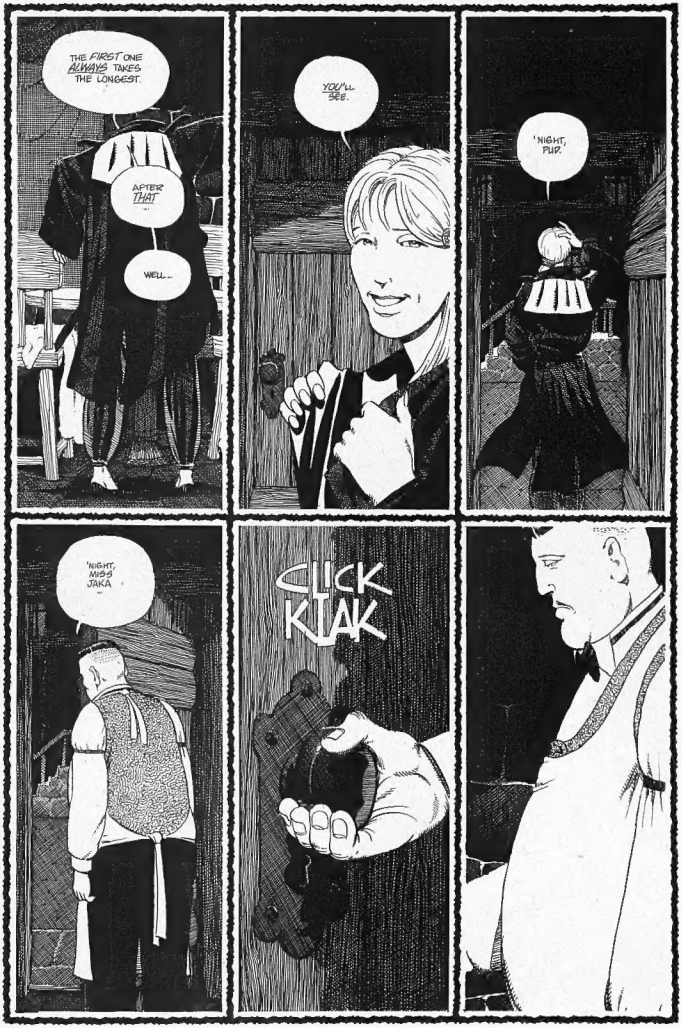
Oscar

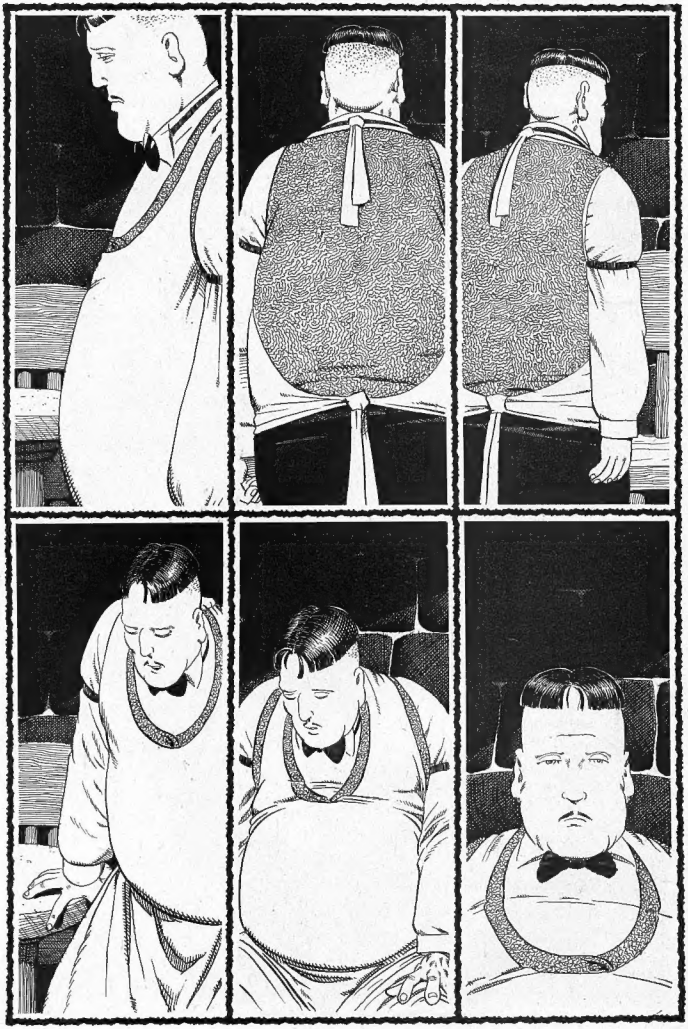
P.S. As regards your inquiry, you shall find out if Nurse saw Jaka closing the Locked Door as soon as I have bank draught in hand for the above-specified amount and not an instant sooner.


CLOSING TIME


ARE--ARE YE OPEN TOMORROW?
YES SIR...
YOU WOULDN'T LIE TO A LITTLE OLD MAN WOULD YOU?
OH, NO SIR
I WILL BE OPEN TOMORROW ...
SONNY--THAT'S THE BEST NEWS I'VE HAD ALL YEAR ...


CHIK KLAK
WE HAD A CUSTOMER!
WAH...
PICTURE THIS PLACE, PUD
PICTURE IT...
PICTURE IT SO CROWDED YOU CAN'T EVEN MOVE
TWO WEEKS, PUD.
MAYBE SOONER.


THE FIRST ONE ALWAYS TAKES THE LONGEST.
AFTER THAT ...
WELL...
YOU'LL SEE.
'NIGHT, PUP.
'NIGHT, MISS JAKA.
CLICK
KTAK



Miss Jaka, I'm not a rich man. When ... when Mama died she left me all the money she had made from her ... her career. It was a lot of money, Miss Jaka. To me, anyway. Of course I never got to use money until I was almost twenty-five and then it was only a few copper bits at the most and even then, it was only just to save her a few steps. She'd remember something she forgot to get and she'd give me a few coins and point me at the stall and say "Get me some eggs, would you, Pudley" or "See if Mr. Stephanie has that new spice I asked for, Pudley."

When Mama died.

When Mama died a man came to the door and told me how much money she left me. He wanted me to sign papers. Miss Jaka, and give power of something I forget the word but it was power of. I know, because I didn't like the sound of it, Miss Jaka, not one little bit. So I told him if the money was mine, I wanted him to bring it to me and I would have the power of it. That's exactly what I said to him, exactly. The power of it. So he'd know that I knew what he was talking about.

What I'm trying to say, Miss Jaka, is that that money's almost gone now. Between getting your costumes repaired and buying new costumes and beads and feathers and bells and ... and the nuts and the apples and the tinned meats and ...

All the money.

The money it took my mother a lifetime to save, in less than a year.

Tonight, Miss Jaka, tonight that little old man was here all night and he had exactly one ale. One ale, Miss Jaka. One half a copper bit. For the whole night.

I saw him give *you* two crowns, Miss Jaka. Two crowns for your dancing.

When the rest of Mama's money is gone. In a few weeks. Maybe a month. You and your husband will leave, won't you Miss Jaka? Leave me. To die all alone. Without a copper bit. With mountain properties no one will buy since the Big Mountain Quake. You'll leave me just to starve to death. Just sitting here like I am now. Starve to death. Starve to *death*..

Or maybe I'll walk across the roadway, Miss Jaka. Maybe that's what I'll do. Just close my eyes and walk straight ahead across the roadway until ...

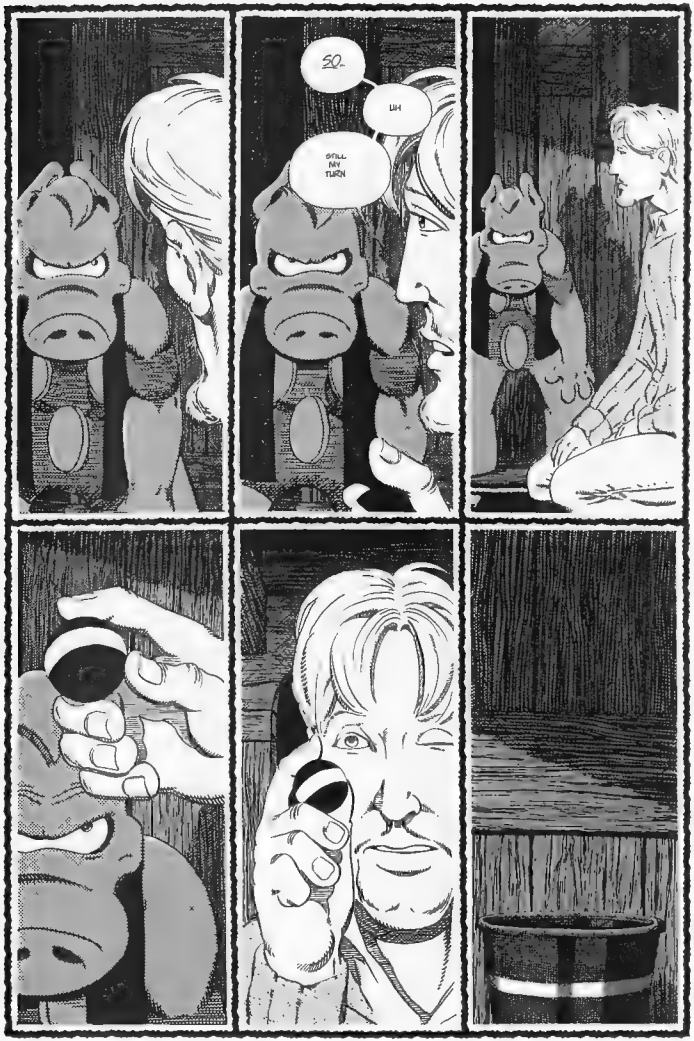
CLIK KLAK
PUD!
I ALMOST FORGOT TO GIVE YOU THESE ...
BUT...
MISS JAKA...
THAT'S YOUR MONEY. WE BERRED ...
OH PUD! DON'T BE SILLY!
I KNOW OUR FOOD COSTS YOU MORE THAN THREE BITS ....
A LOT MORE
DON'T YOU WORRY
WE'RE GOING TO PAY YOU BACK EVERY COPPER BIT!
YOU'LL KEEP ALL OF MY TIPS FOR THE NEXT FEW MONTHS
AND RICK WILL FIND A JOB, SOON...
AND THEN ...

THEN, MR. PUD WITHERS, I'M GOING TO MAKE THIS THE BUSIEST LITTLE TAVERN IN IEST...
AND YOU.
YOU I'M GOING TO MAKE INTO THE WEALTHIEST TAVERN OWNER IN ESTARCION
JUST YOU SEE IF I DON'T.
SWEET DREAMS
CLIK KLAK
'NIGHT AGAIN, PUD.

Bless me, Tarim, for I have sinned
I have looked on a married woman with lust and I almost
I almost
almost
Please, Tarim, have mercy on me and I promise, I swear to you I'll never do a bad thing again
Lord
Please Tarim
Oh, please
I'm sorry, Mama
I'm so sorry

TAP
BUMP
CUUMP
CUUMP
BUMP

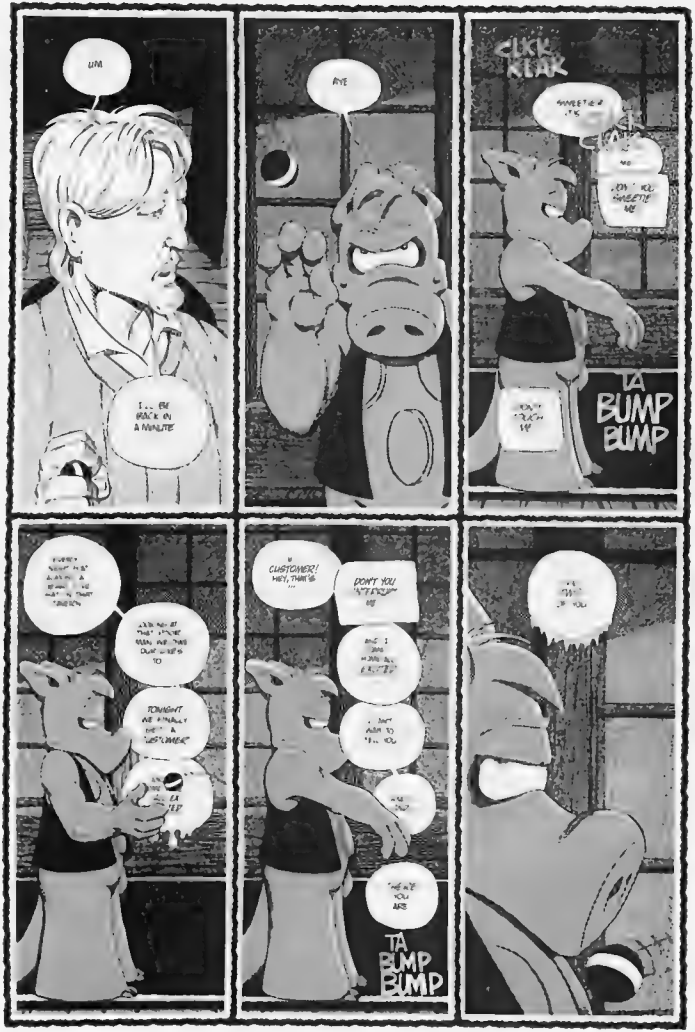
YES!
HA
FIFTEEN
FOURTEEN...
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT...
DO YOU REALIZE THAT THIS IS THE FIRST TIME
WE'R
THAT I'VE HAD MORE POINTS
THAN


SO-
UH
STILL MY TURN

CLIK KLAK BANG
RICK! FRED!
GUESS WHAT! GUESS WHAT! GUESS WHAT!
CREAK CREAK CREAK
WE FINALLY HAD A--
SHH!
FINE!
STOMP STOMP STOMP
SLAM

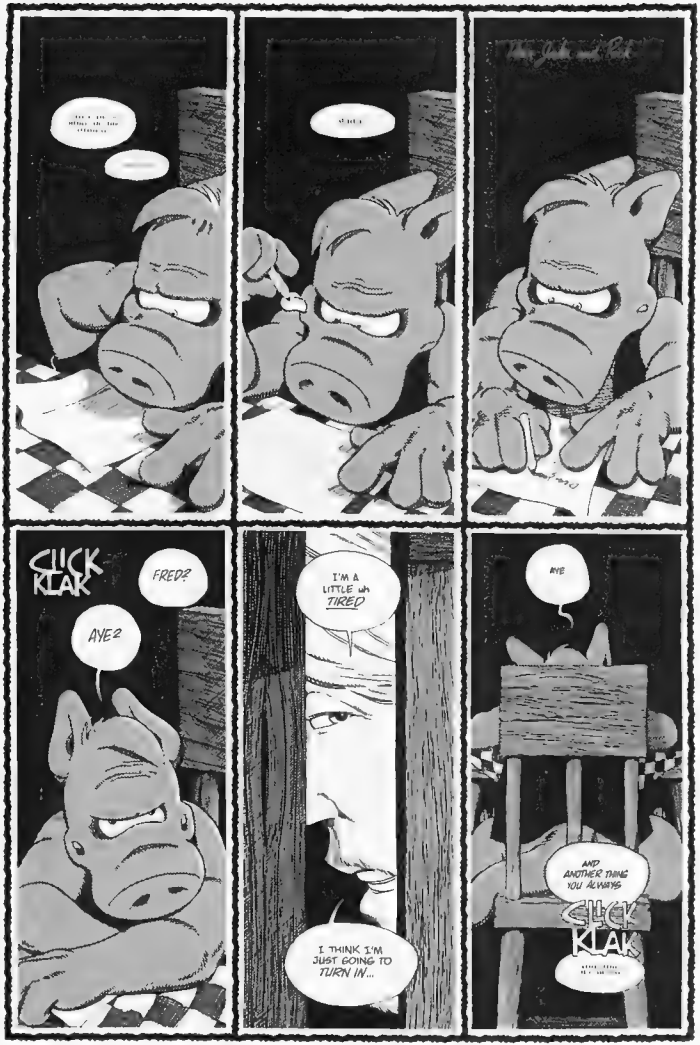
90 Church Street
Lower City

Dear Mr. Hendricks:
Thank you so much for your kind words regarding the first instalment of "Jaka's Story" (not "Daughter of Palnu" as you mistakenly refer to it.). It is, indeed, a labour of love and I should be very interested in what you might have to say about the second and third parts. The third part is completed as I dash off these lines to you and the second awaits only the indulgent visitation of Clio, Calliope, et al, in the fleshing out (so to speak) of the actual dance portions, as well as recognition of mundane monetary responsibilities on the part of Smithers & Co. and it should be winging its way to a 'Reads' (some other nomenclature begs to be devised, does it not?) establishment in your vicinity.
As to whether my story is 'true', it really depends on what you mean by that term. Any well-written article of prose is 'true' because it touches one's emotions and illuminates one's thinking. To whatever extent the facts related within the story are not at variance with that intention, they remain unmodified.
I am, as ever,
yr. oblique servant
Oscar


UM
I... BE BACK IN A MINUTE
BYE
CLICK KLAK
WHEEEE!
NO
DON'T KILL WHEEEE ME
DON'T TOUCH ME
TA BUMP BUMP
TONIGHT WE FINALLY GOT A CUSTOMER
CUSTOMER! HEY, THAT'S ...
DON'T YOU ATTACK ME
AND I AM HUNGRY!
... BUT RUN TO TELL YOU
AND
THAT'S YOU ARE
TA BUMP BUMP

PLAYING WITH THAT STUPID BALL!
LIKE LIKE
CHILDREN!
WHILE I DO ALL THE CLEANING
AND I DO ALL THE COOKING
AND I DO ALL THE WASHING UP.
WHAT DO YOU DO?
WELL UH
YOU PLAY WITH THAT STUPID BALL
YOU'RE TOO BUSY TO HELP CLEAN OUT THE CLOSETS
BUT IF DEAR-OLD-OSCAR NEEDS SOME PAINT.
OR IF DEAR-OLD-OSCAR NEEDS SOME ONE TO SAND PAPER A STUPID HEAD
WELL!
THAT'S A DIFFERENT STORY, ISN'T IT?
S-
DON'T YOU INTERRUPT ME
THAT'S ALL I'M GOOD FOR AROUND HERE ISN'T IT?
TINK
CLEANING!
COOKING!
WASHING UP!
SEX!!

AND DOES ANYONE EVER SAY "THANK YOU"
THANK YOU FOR COOKING
THANK YOU FOR CLEANING
"THANK YOU FOR EVERY SCRAP OF FOOD THAT
CAN I INTERRUPT NOW?
SURE
I DON'T SEE WHY YOU WANT ME TO HELP CLEAN OUT THE CUBBEYS WHEN THEY'RE
KEEP YOUR VOICE DOWN


CLICK KLAK
FRED?
AYE?
I'M A LITTLE UH TIRED
I THINK I'M JUST GOING TO TURN IN...
AYE
AND ANOTHER THING YOU ALWAYS
CLICK KLAK

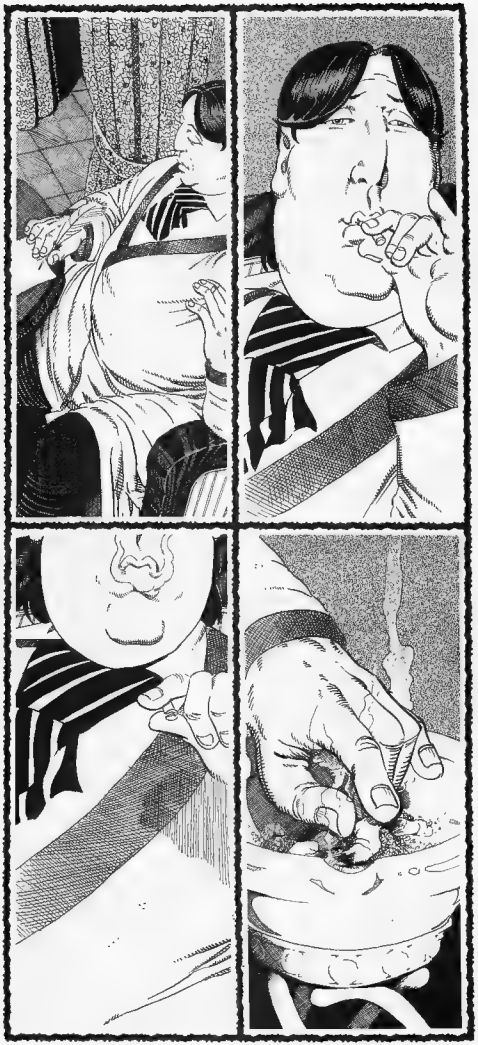
Smithers & Co.
16 Douglas Place
Upper City

My dear Lane:

Your bank draught for fifteen hundred crowns arrived in the morning post.
When a bank draught for the remaining three hundred crowns, seventy six arrives to keep it company, I shall forward the next instalment of "Jaka's Story" (not, I find myself compelled to reiterate, "Daughter of Palnu").

Impatiently

Oscar



AARDVARK COMMENT

P.O. BOX 1674, STATION 'C', KITCHENER, ONTARIO N2G 4R2

Hi, Dave.

In the past week I have had two thoughts that have disturbed me somewhat. I feel I have to tell someone, and I randomly selected those that have had the greatest effect on my life other than my ex-girlfriend who broke up with me before I could with her. Bitch.

You won in a close (but even) draw. Congratulations!!! The first came on last Sunday morning. I find it incredible the amount of oranges our society consumes, and actually has the ability to consume. If the local giant has roughly 50 half gallons in stock every day of a particular brand of orange juice, and there are 200 such stores (at least) in the area, that is a total of 500 gallons. If it takes approximately 30 oranges to make a gallon, for this area it takes at least 15,000 oranges/week for us to be satisfied with our orange juice choice. If there are five brands, then that means it takes at least 75,000 oranges. For one city. Holy shit, that's a lot of oranges.

Imagine someone closing you into a huge oven, a General Electric for instance. Then they turn the heat up to 350 degrees. This is a little more than half of broil. Would you melt? How long would one scream? How much pain (no preheating, you lie right on through that cool-warm-hot-fuck stage of oven heating) would you experience?

The apple crisps I cooked the other day required an hour's bake at 350. I think I might have been unnecessarily cruel to that poor fruit. It's not like I crushed them instantly as I would fresh squeezed OJ. I set them in an oven and let them sit there in 350 degrees till death.

I bitch when it's 90-95 degrees.

Help me on this one.

Bill Ritter

P.S. Jaka's Story is way cool! Love it lots. Better than a ten issue Crisis of Legends of the Mutants' Inferno Vengeances in Space and Time mini series with mondo cross-overs.

P.P.S. Sweet Jesus. I hope I didn't give them an idea.

★★★★★

Dear Gerhard & Dave,

One might decide to await the culmination of your latest episode of JAKA's STORY prior to opining on THE POET, but impatience hovers and before lethargy settles I write.

Concerning Pud's recent attentions to Miss Jaka:

One hopes such a fine fellow refrains from ignominious action, for I have grown quite fond of him and would, presuming Cerebus whets sword in Jaka's defence, sorely lament his demise.

On matters more aesthetic:

One absolutely adores the elegant single panel encompassed by an expanse of complementary white space, a rewarding technique as sadly underused as drawing via eraser.

Without fail, the dazzling variety of visual devices employed throughout CEREBUS serves to illuminate the numerous shortcomings of lesser comicbooks. A spade is a spade, and will so remain no matter how polished. But a rose is richness expressed by the beauty of its singular syllable.

Sincerely,

T. Fobbs

Brighton, England

★★★★★

Dear Dave,

I live in New York. This coming Tuesday (November 7, 1989) is the election for the new mayor. Personally, as in any election, I think that both (actually there are three but something tells me that the Right-to-Life party isn't in the consciousness of most New Yorkers) are equally bad. The Democrat, David Dinkins, didn't pay his taxes for four years and neglects to help his city if it won't help him.

The Republican, Rudolph Guilliani, has a problem with keeping his mind on one track. All in all, on this election day I will be wearing my Cerebus for Dictator shirt because the choice is clear. Why vote for people that will destroy our fair city when you can have an aardvark from the 15th century who could do better? If the shirt was good enough for the Reagan and Bush administrations, why not for New York's mayor? I'm also wearing the shirt because, face it Dave, it's up to rational people like us to choose not to vote for people on the ballot if it will better our environment. I'm not voting because, well, being a minor I'm not allowed to. Actually, I think better than most of the people around me do, really Dave, I do.

Sincerely,

Jon Land.

P.S. I'd have a talk with Cassandra the Witch if I were you. I'm sorry to be the one to tell you this Dave, but she's getting as much (if not more) mail than you are. That's not good for your ego. Now just calm down, take something to drink, and read some more letters. (If you print my letter, thanks. If you don't, thanks for at least hearing me out.)

★★★★★

David,

So who or what were you for Halloween? I was Jim Morrison. This wasn't my original intention. I was given a make-up kit, which contained "The Big Living Dead" accoutrements, and I was going to be George A. Romero, but I found out that Romero is not dead, and I've been told that I physically resemble Morrison, so the decision was made. I don't know what Romero looks like anyway.

Do you use oranges' or whites'? I have an easy time with the smaller whites'. Oranges tend to break in the middle on me, but they're good for rolling the big, "New Yorkers".

Have you ever been to the Hash Bash in Ann Arbor, Michigan? It is held every April First on the Diag, which is a huge, open, congregatory area smack dab in the center of the University of Michigan's campus. Ann Arbor now has in effect a law which allows the police to slap a mere *five dollar fine,* a ticket, onto anyone caught with any amount of Marijuana less than a quarter ounce. Dig it. On April First, 1989, over 2000 people gathered, *at one time,* on the Diag, specifically in front of the U of M library. Approximately 5000 people were there throughout the day. Rep-

resentatives of NORML, the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws, and of High Times magazine, spoke from the library steps. Ten policemen, total, on foot, were seen, total, all day. *Less than ten tickets* were give out, total, for possession, total, all day. No one was arrested. Well, I think one person, who was selling T-shirts without the proper licensing, was arrested.

And no, NORML does not want Marijuana legalized for smoking purposes. Forgive them. Forgive me. We wish to REINSTATE the use of MARIJUANA HEMP: (which is taken from the adult plant's stalk).

A) as a non-toxic, bio-degradable oil base for paints. Hemp was used in ALL paints IN THE UNITED STATES before the industrial revolution in that country. The artificially produced oils, which are more expensive to process/create than Hemp oil and have replaced Hemp oil in paints, HAVE *irreversibly* poisoned the soil.

B) as a protein source. Hemp IS a high protein source, higher than fucking soybeans. Marijuana plants, as studies financed by the United States government have proven, grow faster than ANY OTHER KNOWN PLANT, while UNAIDED by any fertilizers.

C) as a clothing source. Marijuana Hemp IS USED TODAY to produce clothing in countries other than the United States, Japan being one. This clothing cannot be imported into the U.S. for obvious reasons. It is warmer per inch of fabric than all clothing short of wool.

TWO United States presidential commissions have recommended to the President that the de-criminalization of Marijuana begin yesterday. The latest of these two commissions was set into motion by Jimmy Carter. "Nuff said.

a *Return address* on upper left corner of envelope, where letter came from, where *reply* from person indicated at top of first page should be sent to. I've seen it work before.

Rick Arndt

P.S. Never give in.

★★★★★

Dear Dave,
Thanks for the nice reply: my submission 'almost' made it ... ah, well. The message that got left off my accepted submission was (I'm assuming, I've yet to see it) regarding 'Jamboree' a fucking marvellous small press comic that Alan Sheehan and myself produce. It's no longer available from my address, but can be found in a variety of other dodgy haunts; the best place being 'Fast Fiction'. The address.

27, Bracewell Road,
London.
W10 6AF
England.

(Write off with a S.A.S.E., asking for the 'Info' - sheet! and state your interest in 'Jamboree').

The asking price is five newpence, guv', but will probably take a big hike if you're an overseas customer.

I've enclosed what was my own copy Dave, it's battered and bruised, but still brilliant - believe me, Dave, once you've read it, you'll chuck in this 'Cerebus' - lark and beg to come and do paste-ups for me.

Maybe ...

Hope you like the comic and my submissions.

Thanks

Peri McPartland
14, Winkley St.
Bethnal Green
London
E2 6PY
England

★★★★★

Dear Dave,
Do Canadians have an accent?

Thomas Hull
Box #568
Hampshire College
Ahherst, MA
01002

P.S. Cerebus is WAY COOL

Accent? Oh, Jeez. No way, eh?

★★★★★

Dear Dave,
I love "Cerebus", and I hope all is well with you.

Have you read Richard Ellman's *Four Dubliners*, about Wilde, Yeats, Joyce and Beckett? It has some funny stories about Oscar.

Incidentally, I read a recent issue of "Cerebus" in St. Stephen's Green in Dublin, just down the street from where Wilde was born.

Peace,

Eric Wagner
2080 E. Greenway
Tempe, AZ
85282

★★★★★

Hey Dave,
Just a quick note now.
Hemidemisemiquaver.
It had to be done.

Sorry.

Squishy Nubbies,
Marinated Broccoli,
Group of the Future.

P.S. Hello to Cassandra the Witch.

★★★★★

Dear Dave: Help Me!

Since the introduction of Oscar Wilde to the world of Cerebus I have been beset by a curse far worse than any wasting disease, worse than the blighted working of a palsied brain, worse than intercourse with Margaret Thatcher, I speak of course of the Nefarious curse of Nobeel-Frudge (silent "d" don't you know). Therefore, you might imagine my joy in finding a means whereby the cure, if not the cause of said curse may be divined, I speak of the honey sweet benefactress of my odious plight, the here-to-fore unmentioned cassandra ...

The black winged angel, descended on my dreams.
He raped my soul and gouged my tongue,
And reveled in my screams.
My nostrils then he crammed, with rancid meat and dung,
Indeed my world was ravaged by the savage song he sung,
...the witch! (with an exclamation mark).

Damn! I apologize whole heartedly, but as you know, the involuntary use of verse, pompous self-aggrandizing prose, and, a blatant misuse of commas and semi-colons; are all annoying side-effects of the Nobeel-Frudge, it's darker perversities I shant disclose, for you see Nyyaaarghh ...

Cassandra the witch
you give me an itch,
I'd like to scratch it,
but not with a hatchet.

Oh, please, please, forgive your humble servant and lift the curse, for the gravity of my situation has been compounded by a simple, unavoidable fact. In a little over ten days I must submit an essay on the pervasiveness of self-posturing and artifice in the society of "Vanity Fair", for my Victorian literature class; time, as they say, is of ... I feel another wave of verse swelling up

from my bowels, I leave you therefore.

Fatally yours;

Arapaima Mordant
Archbishop of Hyrcania
Lord of logic, Cerebus junky.

★★★★★

To Jon Koriagin,

Jon, you little monkey! Just because I never answer your fan mail doesn't mean I don't love you!

Hugs and kisses

Cassandra

P.S. I never knew you could write!

★★★★★

Dave:

Just wanted to let you know that you scored some major cool points with me (as if it really mattered) in your new Comics Journal interview.

I also thought you might find interesting how I came to discover Cerebus and continue reading it for nine years.

It began when I was 11 (which was 9 years ago) at a big comic convention in N.Y.C. This was my first convention ever, so I was real excited. I had $54 in my pocket, and could spend it however I wanted. It was 1980, and "the year of the Batman", or so convention flyers and promotional pins said. I waltzed into the huge hotel and got a bag of free comics, pins, flyers, etc. from the people running the show (people used to give out neat stuff for free) and I walked right over to the table closest and there was Cerebus. The whole table was covered with "ground level" comics, and I saw the cover of Cerebus #15 and 16, picked them both up and bought them. The dealer gave an odd look to his partner, (obviously thinking I was too young to buy them) but sold me the books nevertheless.

I can't tell you what made me buy them Dave, because I certainly didn't understand very much in them, but I do remember how the art caught my eye. How different it was from my X-men and my Iron Man comics. It was always interesting to me that I'm still reading that same comic 9 years later. A comic which I only happened to buy because it was at the first table I saw at my first convention. I just couldn't wait to spend my money. And now Dave, I am the proud owner of a near complete run of back issues (only missing 5 or 6 issues) and a wonderfully funny, but quite useless animated portfolio. (what do I *do* with this thing??) I've been through Lord Julius, and Deni, and your drugs, and all I can say is that, in all honesty, I eagerly look forward to the years to come when Cerebus can only get better. If I look back at your drawing in Cerebus #1 12 years ago, and compare it with what you're doing now, Jesus, who would have imagined!

Think how great you'll be 12 years from now!!!

I didn't want to make this letter too long because I figured you wouldn't print it, but I wanted to mention more about your Journal interview. I really like the couple of zingers that you got Groth with (*Dave:* "It's hard to explain to someone who's not creative" *Gary:* "Thank you".) The Journal is so full of itself, but it is the only intelligent book like it on the market.

Also I wanted to ask you whatever happened to "Now & Then Books" which was a steady advertiser in Cerebus. I always wanted to buy some of your original art from them, but $30 was too much at the time. Now I cringe thinking what I could've had for next to nothing. Who handles your art now?

Vive Cerebus!

Vive Dave!

Vive Ger!

Karen you bitch.
your fan -

Scott Russo
7817 - 10th Avenue
Brooklyn, NY
11228-2607

'Now & Then Books' celebrated its eighteenth anniversary in October of this year and is located at 90 Queen Street South in Kitchener. While they are Kitchener's *largest* comic book store they have (gasp) some competition at 'Looking for Heroes' over on Ontario Street ... not to mention good old 'Carry On Books' out in Waterloo (Kitchener's twin city).

Pictured above is Connie Lingus' Hallowe'en card. The greeting inside? "Happy Halloweenie!", of course. Thank you, Connie, dear.

DAVE SIM
HIGH
SOCIETY
AVAILABLE NOW
REPRINTS CEREBUS 26-50
$25.00 plus $2.50 for postage
BOX OF 16 BOOKS $340.00
WE PAY U.P.S. ON ALL BOX ORDERS
Prices quoted in Canadian dollars. VISA and MASTERCARD
will bill American customers the equivalent in U.S. funds.
VISA
519-576-7820
519-576-0610
9:00 am to 5:00 pm EST
master charge
or Certified Cheque/Money Order payable to:
AARDVARK-VANAHEIM INC.
Box 1674, Station 'C', Kitchener, Ontario N2G 4R2

'Even things that are true can be proved.'

Oscar Wilde
preface
to "Picture of
Dorian Gray"

Dear Dave & Gerhard,
Here it is! The long ago promised and finally delivered, just in time to be torn down, Cerebus on the Berlin Wall graffiti piece. Conveniently located below a manned East German guard tower. Cerebus is mere yards to the right of Checkpoint Charlie. This was the easiest accomplished Cerebus piece yet, for it resides in a no-man's-land. The Wall technically belongs to East Germany (everything past that sign in one of the photos that says YOU ARE LEAVING THE AMERICAN SECTOR, is East German), and so it is beyond Western jurisdiction. The East German police, however, never come to that side of the Wall. At most, they can photograph you vandalizing the Wall, if they have the vantage point, and then deny you entry to East Germany. Of course, this is all quickly becoming moot. Cerebus felt enclosed, and now the Wall is coming down. East Germans are flooding through and buying every drop of beer at Burger Kings... I was going to make some kind of witty connection between aardvarks and Burger King beer or something, but I stopped typing this letter to watch Polanski's REPULSION and I'm no longer in a humorous mood. So I'll just go on to say that some friends in Berlin recently found my graffiti on a postcard. Just think, Cerebus on postcards being sold in German tourist shops! The graffiti piece, by the way, says "DORN" which is my name (graffiti name that is) in German.
Glad to see someone finally threw up on Pud. And glad to see Rick not fall for Cerebus' old how do you breath haha you'll definitely miss the coin in the bucket now trick.

Keep up the wood gork.

THORN
Berzerkeley, CA